

# SACRED JOURNEY

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Summer 2012

vol. 63, no. 3





# SACRED JOURNEY

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

## *Fellowship In Prayer*

encourages and supports  
a spiritual orientation to life,

promotes the practice  
of prayer, meditation,  
and service to others,

and helps bring about  
a deeper spirit of unity  
among humankind.





# SACRED JOURNEY

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Summer 2012, vol. 63, no. 3

## Fellowship In Prayer, Inc.

291 Witherspoon Street  
Princeton, New Jersey 08542-3227

PHONE: 609-924-6863

FAX: 609-924-6910

WEBSITE: [www.fellowshipinprayer.org](http://www.fellowshipinprayer.org)

EMAIL: [editorial@sacredjourney.org](mailto:editorial@sacredjourney.org)

## Editorial Projects Manager

LISA M. CLAYTON

## Circulation Manager

LINDA D. BAUMANN

## Cover Layout

SHARYN MURRAY

## Board of Trustees

DAVID S. NEWTON, *President*

DR. EPHRAIM ISAAC, *Vice President*

LHAKTONG SÖNAM, *Secretary*

LORRAINE SCIARRA, *Treasurer*

HOWARD S. ENDE

SOHAIB SULTAN

## Trustees Emeriti

BHIKSUNI KARMA TRIME LHAMO

REV. DR. ARTHUR CALIANDRO

## Visit us online

[www.fellowshipinprayer.org](http://www.fellowshipinprayer.org)

Look under *Web Exclusives* for more articles, prayers, poems, and illuminations.

© 2012 Fellowship In Prayer, Inc.

All rights reserved.

## Subscribe

Send your name, address, email, telephone, and \$20 (\$26 international) for a one year subscription (4 issues) to:

### SACRED JOURNEY

Fellowship In Prayer, Inc.  
291 Witherspoon Street  
Princeton, NJ 08542-3227

Phone: 609-924-6863

Online: [www.fellowshipinprayer.org](http://www.fellowshipinprayer.org)

## Submissions

We welcome submissions of articles on prayer, meditation, spiritual experience and practice, religious faith or similar topics, as well as prayers and poetry. We look for writing that expresses an individual's personal experience while also conveying a deeper message of universal appeal. Writing must be accessible to people of all traditions. Please include a brief biography and full contact information: name, address, phone numbers and email. Articles should not exceed 1500 words and should be submitted to the editor by email: [submissions@sacredjourney.org](mailto:submissions@sacredjourney.org). If necessary, they may be mailed.

Material in this publication is copyrighted and may not be reproduced by photocopy or any other means without written permission.

### SACRED JOURNEY

is a registered trademark of Fellowship In Prayer, Inc.

# Contents

Summer 2012, vol. 63, no. 3

---

4

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

High Places

DAVID NEWTON

6

COMPANIONS ON THE JOURNEY

An Interview with Mira Nakashima

18

And God Commanded: You Will Not  
Use the Computer One Day a Week

MICHAEL COHEN

22

ILLUMINATIONS

24

A Pilgrimage Story: The Wisdom  
& Beauty of The Camino

PATTY SMITHERMAN

30

Silent Duet

ROBERT SMITH

STEV LISHIN

33

PRAYERS

36

Going Around in Circles

SHYALPA TENZIN

38

SPIRITUAL PRACTICE

Take Time to Delight in  
God's Creation

AMY LYNN

41

A Ridiculous Frivolity

JULIE TODD

47

A REFLECTION

A Time to be Quiet

STEVE GOODIER

49

Not Dwelling Anywhere

FLORENCE CAPLOW

54

POETRY

58

Getting There:  
Escaping the Everyday

MICHAEL ATTAS

ERIC EISENKRAMER

63

REVIEWS

64

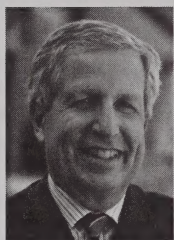
ENDPIECE

Doing vs. Being

SUSAN CORSO

# High Places

DAVID NEWTON



One of the pleasures that I receive from writing this quarterly message is the ability to research subjects about which I know very little and then relate them to my Jewish tradition.

Altar in Hebrew is *Bamah* (plural: *Bamot*) and is literally translated as either a platform or a "high place." I further learned, my Jewish

tradition places me slightly at odds with the idea of an altar, since the building of private altars has been strictly forbidden for the last three thousand years. The building of public altars, of which there were two in the Temple in Jerusalem, has been forbidden following the destruction of the second Temple in 70 CE, approximately two thousand years ago.

Private altars were permitted to be built in intermittent intervals prior to the construction by King Solomon of the First Temple, but following the creation of the national altars, construction of private altars was prohibited.

So how, you may ask, can a Jew gain access to these "high places" known as altars and thereby make either an obligatory or voluntary offering to God. The answer lies in our liturgy. Whereas we can no longer bring peace offerings consisting of cattle, sheep or goats, we now conclude our prayers with a simple blessing called *Sim Shalom*. This asks God to bestow peace, goodness, mercy and blessings upon us, with a final request that echoes the memory of private and public altars:

He who makes peace in his high holy places, may he  
bring peace upon us, and upon all Israel; and say Amen.

Elsewhere in our liturgy there is an even closer connection to the "high places" we call altars. There are fifteen Psalms: 120-134,



---

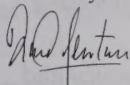
which are known collectively as the *Shir Hamaalot*—psalms or the Songs of Ascent. Each of these corresponds to the fifteen steps that led to the Temple courtyard where the altar was located. The ascent today may not be physically possible, but it can be achieved in a spiritual sense by taking time to read and chant these beautiful psalms.

A few of my favorites are Psalm 121: I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come?; Psalm 126: They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; Psalm 130: Out of the depths have I called Thee, O LORD; and Psalm 134: Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

While taking time to read this issue of *SACRED JOURNEY* I hope you will find your "high place" that allows you to re-enter and engage life more fully.

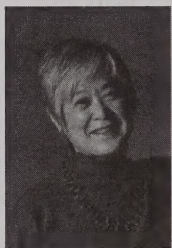
Oh yes, we appreciate the responses we've received from those of you who have completed and returned the survey that appeared in the previous issue. If you have not already done so, please complete and return the survey as the information will be helpful to us in future decisions.

Sincerely,



David Newton

## An Interview with Mira Nakashima



*Mira Nakashima is the President and Treasurer of The Nakashima Peace Foundation where her projects include completing her father's vision of building and placing Altars of Peace on the seven continents. The first Altar, completed in 1986 while George Nakashima was still alive, is located in New York City. Since her father's death Mira has overseen the installation of additional Altars of Peace around the world.*

*While attending private school in Bucks County, Mira was given the opportunity to develop her interest and skills in classical music, mathematics and languages. She is an accomplished flutist and contemplated pursuing a variety of interests before focusing on architecture in university.*

*She graduated cum laude from Harvard and later earned her master's in architecture at Waseda University in Japan. It was considered a man's world at the time, especially in Japan, but Mira didn't think anything of it. After graduate school she returned to Bucks County, Pennsylvania. to work in her father's woodworking studio, eventually becoming the Creative Director.*

*It is clear Mira is not only maintaining her father's legacy and reputation but continuing his work in a literal, hands-on sense. Along with the craftsmen who were trained by her father, Mira recently launched The Keisho Collection, an ongoing series of designs that she dedicated to her mother, Marion. In Japanese, Keisho translates as a "continuance" or "succession." Through this collection, Mira believes she preserves the classic and traditional lines of her father's designs while continuing the evolution of new design techniques.*

*Mira has designed sanctuary furnishings for St. George's Church in Titusville, New Jersey, the George Nakashima Memorial Reading Room for the James A. Michener Art Museum, and a flat-seated*



---

*musician's chair with a T-shaped back for the performers of the Concordia Chamber Players.*

*In September of 2008, Mira, with her brother, Kevin Nakashima, presented the James A. Michener Art Museum with the Nakashima Archives. Guests were invited to witness a traditional Japanese tea ceremony in the Minguren Arts Building in honor of their father's legacy and the official signing of the Agreement for the Gift of Archives. Her works are presently on display in a new permanent exhibit—Intelligent Design, which opened in 2012—at the James A. Michener Art Museum, .*

*To learn more about upcoming events to support The Nakashima Peace Foundation, please visit, [www.nakashimafoundation.org](http://www.nakashimafoundation.org)*

**Your work with the Nakashima Foundation for Peace builds Altars of Peace, also known as Sacred Peace Tables, and places them around the world. Would you tell us how this concept started and how it impacts our world today?**

**Mira Nakashima:** My father, George Nakashima, who was internationally known for his meditative architectural interiors and innovative furniture designs had always felt that if people of all nations, of all faiths, on each continent could come together in a peaceful way that we'd be that much closer to world peace. I know, Altars of Peace seem abstract, even my dad thought so, but peace-making is an abstract idea! There are many different visions on how to create or keep peace.

My father was familiar with peace marches, meetings and demonstrations, but he also recognized they end—the momentum and meaning go away. He thought a symbol was needed—something tangible to represent a joyous peace, not simply the absence of war. For him it was a question of surrender to the Divine Consciousness to end in a most beautiful aura of love. My dad envisioned Altars of Peace on every continent where people could gather and focus their energies on peace. He established a criterion—the Altars were

---

to be interfaith symbols. They would be located in a place where people of all faiths and nationalities could come. For a while Dad thought the UN building would be the proper place for the first Altar of Peace but then he decided the UN was too political and thought there was little chance that peace could be achieved politically. Besides that, their doors weren't big enough!

Today the Nakashima Foundation continues moving forward with his original mission. This symbolic and practical message of understanding is what matters most and I cannot overestimate its role. We all need and pray for peace. The Altar of Peace also known as a Sacred Peace Table is a symbol of a spiritual crossroad, a meeting point. The table is a remarkable work of art and craftsmanship, which sends a message of global significance, transcending borders and speaking a universal language of its own.

### **Where did he get the inspiration to build Altars of Peace?**

He first came up with the idea around 1984, but I think it was a long-time dream of his. I believe his inspiration came partly from his experience at the Ashram in India, partly from his experience during the war and partly from our experience of living in the internment camps.

### **Would you tell us more about your father's experiences?**

Well it's quite a long story—there is some history needed to understand. Dad was quite an accomplished artist when he was a young man. He began to study forestry at the University of Washington and then switched to architecture, winning prizes for his drawings and designs. Because he was so good at drawing, he then went to the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*, outside of Paris where he studied the Beaux-Arts tradition. He received a scholarship to Harvard where he attended but left because he

---

did not like it there. He moved on to MIT. By this time he was an accomplished draftsman.

Then from 1934 to 1938, he worked in Tokyo with Antonin Raymond who was at the forefront of the modern architectural movement. In 1936, Raymond sent my dad to India to be the on-site architect while they built a dormitory for the Ashram of Sri Aurobindo. He was so impressed with the philosophy and the way of life of this Ashram that he became one of its early members. He took on the name Sundra Ananda which means “he who delights in beauty.” The Ashram of Sri Aurobindo was chiefly an inward movement. In general terms, Sri Aurobindo has said that his purpose was different from others. His aim was to rise out of the ordinary ignorant world-consciousness into divine consciousness and to bring the supra-mental power of that divine consciousness down into the ignorance of mind, life and body; manifesting the Divine here to create divine life in Matter. My dad loved it there so much he resolved to stay there for the rest of his life. However, the war started percolating and he came back to the United States.

### **How did your father become involved with furniture design?**

While he was looking for a job in Los Angeles, he saw a Frank Lloyd Wright building under construction. To this day I haven’t quite figured out which one it is—but right then and there he decided if that’s the way architecture was in the US, he wasn’t going to be an architect anymore. That’s when he turned to furniture. He thought furniture involved the same type of process as architecture, but on a smaller scale and integrated his love for wood. Growing up in Washington he spent a lot of time as a Boy Scout hiking around the forests. As I said earlier, he studied forestry for a couple of years before switching to architecture. So, he combined his love for trees and wood with his love for design and in 1941 he began building furniture in Seattle.



---

When the war broke out, even though we were American citizens, our family, along with other Japanese-American families, were put into Internment Camps. We were placed in Minidoka, near Twin Falls in the Idaho desert. It was a tough situation for all of us. Technically, we were incarcerated. My dad made the most of it. In the camp he became friends with, Gentaro Hikogawa, a carpenter who was trained in Japan. He and my dad shared their skills with one another. They had a lovely partnership—teaching and sharing their skills. Together they created a better environment in the barracks where we lived.

### **How did your family get from the camp in Idaho to Pennsylvania?**

Dad's former boss in Japan, Antonin Raymond, left Tokyo and came to Bucks County, Pennsylvania where he was working on government projects. One of dad's professors from MIT contacted him to sponsor our family so we could leave the camp. We moved to Bucks County and Mr. Raymond employed my father once again, not as an architect or furniture maker, but as a chicken farmer! That was all dad was allowed to do at the time. So he farmed chickens for about a year and a half until he decided that he and chickens were not physiologically compatible!

He rented a little cottage and started making furniture out of the garage. A few years later, he found the property where the Nakashima Foundation for Peace and the Nakashima Studios stand today. My dad convinced the farmer who owned it at the time to sell him three acres of the land in exchange for labor on the farm. We lived in an Army tent while my dad built our house and the workshop. That's how we got started in Bucks County. He crafted furniture for over fifty years. I am still amazed he constructed all the buildings on this property and created all the furniture in them. The body of work he crafted during his life is just tremendous.

---

## **You told us why your dad wanted to create Altars of Peace, how were they made?**

Dad had a logger, Frank Koslowsky, who traveled up and down the East Coast searching for people who had walnut trees they would be willing to sell. One day he came to my dad and said, "Hey George, you wouldn't believe what I found—it's the most amazing American Black Walnut tree I've ever seen in my entire life and you've got to have it." That is when the dream began to materialize. My father was determined that the planks from this huge tree would be made into Altars of Peace for each of the continents.

Because this American Walnut tree was twelve feet long and tapered in diameter of five to seven feet, the first tree of this size to be milled, *National Geographic* sent a crew to the Thompson Mahogany Lumber Company in Philadelphia to film. It was in the middle of January and everything was frozen. The sawyers hit a snag when they began to mill and ran into a chunk of concrete. Apparently, at one time a tree surgeon had decided to fill up holes in the trunk with concrete and metal pipes. The saw was almost destroyed. The men weren't sure how they were going to finish but they did. Then the wood was dried and the first Altar of Peace made. By the way, after all these years, the *National Geographic* program about the milling still airs on television occasionally!

## **And what happened to the first Altar of Peace?**

Over the years Dad developed a friendship with Steven Rockefeller who was a friend of the Reverend James Parks Morton, the Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He is also the founder of The Interchurch Center of New York. Though Episcopal, the cathedral is very ecumenical; people of all faiths visit. Dad decided to take the first Altar there. It was installed on New Year's Eve, 1986 where it stayed until the end of 2001 when the Cathedral caught fire. Undamaged, the Altar

---

was then put in storage until renovations of the Cathedral were complete, and the Altar was rededicated in 2010.

### **Where else has the Foundation placed these Altars?**

There are currently Altars of Peace on three continents. The second Altar; constructed from the original magnificent American Black Walnut was built in 1995 on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of the United Nations and dedicated to the Peoples of Russia and all of Europe. On its way to Moscow, it made a significant stop at the Hague Appeal for Peace Conference. With a candle, an origami crane and flower offerings atop the Altar, it became a unifying presence for over 10,000 conference attendees. Cypriot Greek and Turkish youth in attendance signed a peace agreement under the auspices of Peace Child International. From there it went on to its final destination where it was placed in the Russian Academy of Arts. When I first visited Moscow, a church seemed like an ideal space but later learned it is open and available only to people of the Orthodox faith.

The third Altar was built in 1996 and sent to a city in India—called Auroville, which is truly an interfaith and international community! It was founded by Mira Alfassa, the Mother at the Sri Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry where my dad was once a disciple and, by the way, after whom I was named. When Sri Aurobindo withdrew from public view he appointed Mira to be in charge of the Ashram. Auroville is an alternative city that sits just outside of Pondicherry and is recognized as the first and only internationally endorsed ongoing experiment in Human Unity and Transformation of Consciousness. It is concerned with the social, environmental and spiritual needs of humankind. The Altar is housed at the Unity Pavilion in Auroville, also known as the “City of Peace.” The funny thing is with all their idealism and their following of the teachings of Sri Aurobindo, they’ve had



---

a few differences among themselves. I guess that is why they say Auroville was created to realize human unity in diversity!

In honor of the ground-breaking peace work of Desmond Tutu and his daughter Naomi, and because their mission is simpatico with ours, the fourth Sacred Peace Table is for the Peoples of Africa. It will be housed in the Desmond Tutu Centre in Cape Town. They have created stunning architectural plans, and as the new building is being constructed, we are now conferring on educational programs and special events to forward the mission of both organizations. We are currently raising funds to complete this project. We have reserved two large planks of wood and we hope to see this altar completed in the near future.

We have yet to reach South America, or Greenland or Australia—no doubt we will someday. A friend of mine, Christina Grajales, who is from Columbia, thinks her country would be a good place for the next Altar. So, we will work to create a supportive community as well as a committee to locate a site in Columbia.

**Do you have a story of any particular Altar that you would like to share?**

I think my father was totally ecstatic when he built the first Altar and realized his dream was coming true. We began with a party at our studio in Bucks County then taking a bus load of his friends and supporters to New York for the dedication at St. John's. Reverend Morton officiated. The beautiful black walnut Altar was blessed that auspicious night by representatives of the religions of the earth in front of diplomats from many nations. I remember Leonard Bernstein being there and he even conducted and sang a rap song. The Cathedral was filled with our family and friends. The entire ceremony was beautiful. I will never forget it.

---

## Would you describe your Dad as a spiritual man?

Yes, my father was very much a spiritual man but he didn't think he belonged to any one particular religion. He considered himself a citizen of the world. He spent a lot of time in India, France and Japan. He even went through North Africa when it was a bit more peaceful. He was very much an adventurer. Returning to this country he had to travel by slow boats, so he had plenty of time and opportunities to absorb the spirituality of different places.

He was raised Methodist by my grandparents. The Methodists sponsored the Boy Scouts on their adventures in Seattle. As an adult he was baptized Roman Catholic and at the beginning of his career worked out of the basement of the Maryknoll Missionaries, teaching the boys woodworking. He appreciated the Benedictine rule. Like the Native Americans, he believed there were spirits in everything on this earth—in the tree, the animals, the rivers and oceans and one pays homage for what one uses. There should be a respect for life; all forms of life. Sadly this is often forgotten today. But I think the Sri Aurobindo Ashram—their quiet way of being, their deep way of looking at life, art and nature was the greatest influence on him.

Of course he was also influenced by my mother who was a stickler for the rules and regulations of the Roman Catholic Church. She remembered all the feast days and made sure we didn't eat meat on Friday during Lent. Dad didn't care much about those things. He had great appreciation for monastic traditions. It has always puzzled me how my dad, who was nominally Roman Catholic, also considered himself a disciple of Sri Aurobindo. When I visited the Ashram in India, I asked the elders and they told me, "Probably when your dad went back to the United States, the closest thing he could find to the Ashram was the monastic community under the aegis of the Roman Catholic Church." That is why I think it is safe for

---

me to say that he was more of a monk than a practicing lay Catholic.

### **And do you have a particular practice?**

Although I play guitar and flute at a Roman Catholic Church once a week, it is my morning meditation which quiets my soul and centers me, releasing creative energy as a prayer throughout the day.

### **Your father wrote *The Soul of a Tree*. Would you tell us what this book means to you?**

I would best explain the point of his book this way. For most of my life I'd heard a lot about the Ashram dad so loved and always wondered what it was all about. After Dad's death, my husband and I traveled there. We had a beautiful conversation with an older woman who explained how the Divine is manifested through beauty and an artist; if one is a good artist, one will not let one's ego get in the way. The artist will make something beautiful that comes from beyond. Beauty is a manifestation of the Divine and the artist is simply the conduit for the spirit of that beauty.

Dad recognized this truth especially when he worked with wood. He wrote about this in *The Soul of a Tree*. Back then I didn't understand. But the older I get, the more I realize that it's true! Some of my friends say the book was just a marketing ploy—a way to sell furniture; it doesn't mean anything, but I don't believe that to be true. My dad said if he had to make furniture out of anything but wood he probably wouldn't be able to do it. He believed that wood has its own story to tell. A tree's life could be seen in the grain. When it experiences trauma, such as a drought or pestilence a big crack might result. Dad creatively incorporated the tree's story in its entirety by utilizing a butterfly joint to maintain the shape God



---

gave it. In addition, he would use an oil finish because it's a penetrating finish and you can see deep into the life of the tree: if you use just a plastic finish on the outside, you don't get that pattern, you don't get that color, you don't get that design, you don't get the story of the tree.

### **Are there favorite pieces that your father made?**

Two chairs are special to me. One was made early in his career, a three legged chair that was a low height and he called it the "Mira Chair." Then in 1952 he made another, higher version, which was featured in *Life* magazine, as "A Chair for Mira." We still make those chairs today the same way he made them.

When I was in high school he made a little mirrored box. It was like a jewelry box and when you lifted up the lid, there was a mirror inside. That's the "Mira Mirror," which is still in production. We've tweaked it a bit. We had some of them come back because the joint had come apart, so we improved the construction.

### **Aside from these pieces, is there anything your father did or said that you hold close to your heart?**

"Keep your nose clean and create a little beauty around you." He always said that to me over the years and it has stuck with me. It was his mission, now my mission, and that of the Nakashima Foundation for Peace.

### **What is your hope for the world?**

My hope for the world is that we could live together in peace. However, there are so many people who are stuck in their own little worlds, thinking they are right and everybody else is wrong. Mistakenly, they think the only way to make their right world is to destroy the others.

---

**So gathering around the Altars of Peace is a way to bring different worlds together?**

Yes, definitely. It's a challenge to bring different factions together around an Altar of Peace. It is amazing when it happens.

**Thank you Mira for sharing your father's legacy with us and all that the Nakashima Foundation for Peace is doing today. We wish you continued success in reaching your goals.**

Thank you. It is my pleasure.

---

# And God Comanded: You Will Not Use the Computer One Day A Week

MICHAEL COHEN

There was a time when our first association with 24-7 was a football score, now it is how we describe the pace of our lives. Emails, faxes and cell phones scream at us for immediate response. Add to this that we are surrounded by a nonstop news media that races to be the first to report the news, and then, before all the information is in, provide instant analysis. We are no longer trained, we are no longer given permission to pause and reflect.

Between iPhones, BlackBerries, Bluetooth and text messaging, we have an array of technological devices that constantly connect us to others, while at the same time allow us to avoid listening to our own internal dialogue. This says nothing about the world of computers that includes email, Skype, JAHJAH,

Facebook, IM and a host of other possibilities.

We are blessed to live to see the actualization of Marshall McLuhan's Global Village with its sea of worldwide communication, contact and knowledge literally at our fingertips, but there is a price we pay. While our lives may be richer by the ease with which we are able to stay in touch with loved ones and friends and the ease with which we can access information from the four corners of the earth, we are also the poorer for our growing inability to want to know who the "I am" is in our life—instead we would rather IM.

And there is something else that is lost: our interaction with the world that immediately surrounds us. iPods cut us off from the sounds of the world we live in—the calling of a flock



---

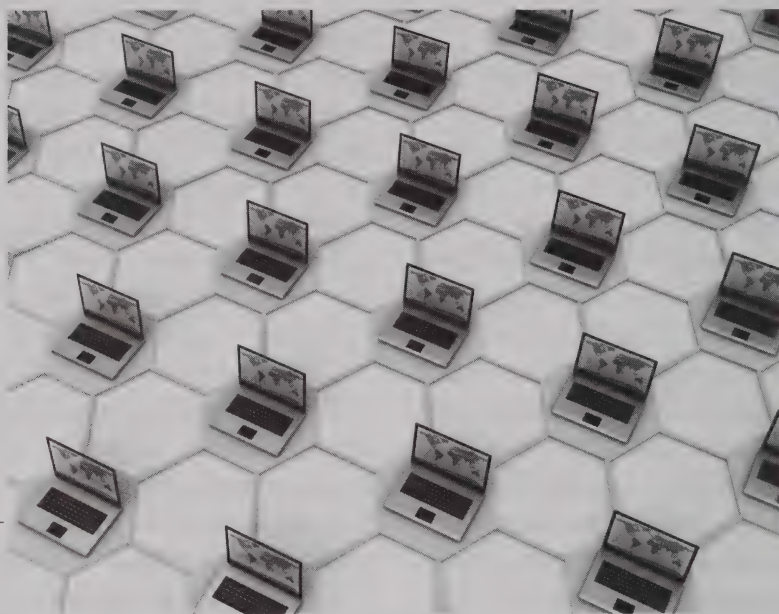
of geese in migration, the crackling of ice in a glass, the gears of a bike and the other subtle sounds from the symphony of our lives, not to mention the person who may be sitting right next to us. Why have we decided that a call on a cell phone trumps a conversation with a person that we are talking with face to face? Why is cell phone interruptus considered to be okay? There is something seductive about all these devices at our disposal.

Our challenge is not to do away with all these gadgets, but to find the proper balance of when to use them and when not to use them. Anticipating the need for this balance, long before IBM, Apple and Dell, Moses taught in the Bible about a rhythm that was not to the beat of 24/7, but rather 24/6. That is to say, Moses taught us about *Shabbat* (the Sabbath). In the Book of Exodus 20:8 we read, "Remember the Sabbath day, to hallow it. For six days, you are to serve, and are to make all your work, but the seventh day is a Sabbath for the Lord

your God: you are not to make any kind of work." It all seems straight forward—we work six days and don't work on the seventh day. The problem is the Bible does not define what work is. That was left to the rabbis of the Talmud.

The Talmud is the collection of the discussions of rabbis between the first and fifth centuries discussing the laws, ethics, and stories of the Hebrew Bible. Within their discussion of what was meant by work they asked themselves what work were the Jewish people doing at the time Moses brought them the Ten Commandments. They were building the *mishkan*, the temporary and moveable Temple or building of worship.

The juxtaposition of the instruction to build the mishkan with the laws of Shabbat in the Book of Exodus as found in Chapters 31 and 35 gave rise to the rabbinic understanding of the definition of work. Actions used in building the mishkan, 39 major categories,



were defined as work and prohibited on Shabbat. This is the traditional understanding of the text. But there is a more subtle message taught here as well.

While the 39 categories tell us what not to do on Shabbat, they also inform us what we should do the other six days of the week. And what is that? Build a *mishkan*, a dwelling place for God in the world. This is our charge—to understand that no matter what work we do in our lives, we must see the purpose of that work as

creating a place for God to dwell among us. We must see whatever work we do as contributing in important ways to the tapestry of our world. That work becomes holy when we act with truth, compassion, love and humility. We must release the sparks of holiness contained in what we do.

But to be able to, if you will, "build a *mishkan*" during the six days of the work week, we need to be able to rest on the Sabbath. This brings us back to the question of how we define

---

what work is. One of the 39 major categories the rabbis defined as work was the lighting of fire. With the advent of the use of electricity in the nineteenth century the rabbis expanded the definition of fire to include anything using electricity. During the twentieth century the use of telephones, televisions, cars, radios and computers were added to the prohibition of the use of fire on Shabbat.

As we find ourselves at the beginning of the twenty-first century where the pace

we are expected to live our lives is dictated more and more by the gadgets we are forced to use, the message of Moses not to work on the Sabbath, as defined by the Rabbis of the Talmud, is something that we should all take more seriously. We all need one day a week that we can call our Sabbath. That day does not have to be the same for everyone, but it is important that we each have a day where we turn off our computers and cell phones and re-soul our lives. SJ



Rabbi Michael Cohen received ordination from the Reconstructionist Rabbinical College. He is a founding faculty member of The Arava Institute for Environmental Studies located on Kibbutz Ketura. He is an author of numerous articles on the environment and peace in the Middle East. Rabbi Michael has helped write two presidential speeches on the Middle East peace process. He divides his time living in Manchester, Vermont and the Kibbutz Ketura in Israel.



I STILL RECALL HOW, WITH MY BAG ON A POLE,  
I FORGOT MY YESTERDAYS. WANDERED THE HILLS, PLAYED IN  
THE WATER, WENT TO THE LAND OF THE CLOUDS.

ZIYONG, 18TH C. CHINESE BUDDHIST NUN

INSTRUCTIONS FOR LIVING A LIFE:

PAY ATTENTION.

BE ASTONISHED.

TELL ABOUT IT.

MARY OLIVER

TRY PAUSING RIGHT BEFORE AND RIGHT AFTER UNDERTAKING A NEW ACTION,  
EVEN SOMETHING AS SIMPLE LIKE PUTTING A KEY IN A LOCK TO OPEN A DOOR.

SUCH PAUSES TAKE A BRIEF MOMENT, YET THEY HAVE THE EFFECT OF  
DECOMPRESSING TIME AND CENTERING YOU.

BROTHER DAVID STEINDL-RAST

When all your desires are distilled  
you will cast just two votes:  
To love more and be happy.

HAFIZ

WHEN THE WAVES CLOSE OVER ME,  
I DIVE DOWN TO FISH FOR PEARLS.

MASHA KALEKO

You only need sit still long enough in some  
attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants  
may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

---

I suppose what makes me most glad is that we all recognize each other  
in this metaphysical space of silence and happening and get some sense,  
for a moment, that we are full of paradise without knowing it.

THOMAS MERTON

To be intimate with nature in its multifaceted moods  
is one of the greatest experiences of life.

GEORGE NAKASHIMA

SOMETIMES WE BEHAVE AS THOUGH THERE WAS  
SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN LIFE. BUT WHAT?

ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY

Happiness is a blessing  
that comes to you as you go along;  
a treasure that you incidentally find.

RABBI LOUIS BINSTOCK

We need to find God,  
and God cannot be found in noise and restlessness.  
God is the friend of silence.  
We need silence to be able to touch souls.

MOTHER TERESA

EACH PERSON DESERVES A DAY AWAY IN WHICH NO PROBLEMS  
ARE CONFRONTED, NO SOLUTIONS SEARCHED FOR.

MAYA ANGELOU

---

# A Pilgrimage Story: The Wisdom & Beauty of The Camino

PATTY SMITHERMAN

In green, humid northwestern Spain lies the medieval city of Santiago de Compostela. It is the end point of El Camino de Santiago—The Way or the Road of St. James. In fact, the city of Santiago bears his name, Santiago: Sant meaning Saint and Iago, James. Compostela refers to the starry field near the Atlantic coast where, in the 9th century, around 813 CE, a Christian hermit named Pelayo, discovered a grave and said he heard music and saw a shining in the woods around it. The nearby Bishop Teodomiro sent investigators to the site. After the bones were recognized as the remains of St. James, Santiago de Compostela was declared a Holy site, the third most holy town after Jerusalem and Rome.

Pilgrims began coming to this site, at first as a trickle and eventually a flood. They came from all over Europe, for many reasons: seeking pardon for sins, paying for a crime or asking for better conditions for their village. El Camino de Santiago is not just for the most devout believers but has always been for everyone. A twelfth century hymn, the *La Pretiosa*, sung at the pilgrims' blessing in Roncesvalles, says: "Its doors are open to the sick and well, to Catholics as well as to pagans, Jews, Heretics, beggars and the indigent, and it embraces all like brothers."

In 711, the Moors began their conquest of most of the Iberian Peninsula. The story goes that riding a white horse, St. James appeared in 852 to Spanish warriors fighting a fierce battle in the *Reconquista* of Spain. Not surprisingly, St. James became their patron saint. There are many images of him as a warrior on a horse but he also is memorialized as Santiago, Peregrino; St. James, Pilgrim. Today thousands of pilgrims



---

make the trek each year, some for reasons of faith, some for the adventure and some just for the experience. Where does the pilgrimage to Santiago begin? It starts in France, Germany, Italy or England but the most common starting points are either from France at St-Jean-Pied-de-Port, the northeastern edge of the Pyrenees or Spain, in Roncesvalles, on the southwestern slopes of the Pyrenees.

I have wanted to walk The Camino ever since I studied at the University of Santiago de Compostela in 1999 and 2000. Año Santo Jacobeo—or in Galician language Ano Santo Xacobeo—is the holy year of St. James. It takes place in the year when the 25th of July, the Feast Day of St. James, falls on a Sunday. This occurs about fourteen times every century. It happened when I was there in 1999. I was stunned by the almost month-long festival with concerts, street artists, living statues, fairs, wandering musicians playing their *gaitas*—Spanish bagpipes—and dramatic outdoor presentations. In one of the performances, I watched in fascination as an 'angel' climbed down the facade of the Santiago de Compostela Cathedral to deliver a message to the assembled crowd of nearly 30,000 in the main plaza. I also witnessed the arrival of many pilgrims as they headed for the cathedral doors to enter and hug the statue of St. James. Many place their fingers in the five worn grooves of a cathedral pillar, some came to the Tree of Jesse, some to honor Master Matthew, the cathedral designer and some headed to the Pilgrim's Office to receive their Compostelano; a certificate of completion for walking at least 100 kilometers of the trail.

After experiencing that sacred celebration, I vowed that I too, would become a pilgrim of The Camino. The original intent was not spiritual but the actual walk and the contemplation of the experiences were. I believe it started in my head but it certainly ended in my heart.

Five years later my sister-in-law offered to walk with me. Neither of us could spare the minimum month's time needed to walk the entire five hundred miles, so over the years we have traveled back and forth and walked sections.



---

We began in Roncesvalles in 2005 and have walked all but the Meseta, the high plains in the middle of The Camino. In the beginning we walked at a fair pace, twelve to twenty miles a day. In her book, *Walk in a Relaxed Manner: Life Lessons from The Camino*, author Sr. Joyce Rupp, writes “an old man in one of the *refugios* . . . advised, ‘Drink more water and walk in a relaxed manner,’” which is exactly what we decided to do. Because we intentionally slowed down we have had experiences and “life lessons” we could have missed had we not slowed our pace. We stopped in small villages, at bar-cafes on The Camino, at hermitages, at small churches and we have even taken the occasional detour. We incorporated “rest days” in cities with impressive cathedrals or castles which we explored. We stopped to talk with Spanish pilgrims about the cuckoos we heard in the mountain pastures and discussed cooking greens with a Spanish woman as she transported them in a wheel barrow. We stopped in remote villages and spoke with villagers out for a stroll, to priests and lay people keeping the churches open for pilgrims. We have sweltered in the heat, we have been chilled in the mountains in summer, and we have walked slowly in light rain.

Once we slowed our pace, one of the many unexpected gifts we received occurred in 2009. We had some extra time when we arrived in a small village. We asked the local barkeep if we could get to a castro, an ancient fortified Celtic hilltop, that according to the map in our guidebook appeared to be nearby. With her good instructions, we charged off further up, west and south of the village on our way to the top of the mountain. That day we learned we could lose our way even with good instructions—which we did! We backtracked and found the correct dirt road and soon, on that bright breezy day, we were on the top of the mountain looking at concentric rings of earth that had once been walls—we found the castro. We walked to the top of the inner ring and to our surprise, inside lay excavated ruins. Another gift! We literally went off the planned route and had an experience which we still treasure. Later, on our return to the café the barkeep told us that according to the archeologists who



---

had been excavating that area, the castro dates to 1500 BCE.

One year, as we climbed toward the highest point on The Camino—in the western edge of Spain's green, lush region, Galicia—we passed through rich mountain pastures bordered by a multitude of blooming heather, wildflowers and fragrant lavender. This beauty had been obvious—or was it? Did we have to intentionally look for it? Indeed, our eyes had to be searching and our souls open to see this beauty which might have remained concealed if we kept our heads down, concentrating on making good time and distance. It reminded me of the late Irish poet, John O'Donohue, who wrote "The earth is full of concealed beauty." I think he refers to beauty that one has to stop for or pay attention to.

We had the opportunity to walk to the End of the Earth, Finisterre, Finis Terrae. Yes, beyond Santiago de Compostela, to the west there is a point that juts out into the Atlantic. On our way to Finisterre as we reached the edge of Santiago de Compostela, we stopped and looked back at the cathedral just as its grand twin towers formed a lacy silhouette against the morning sky! The ancient Romans and Celts made pilgrimages to Finisterre because they believed it was the end of all western land and everything beyond was water and the end of the world. What a rich experience to follow in their footsteps!

Once, when my sister-in-law had to leave early, I walked alone on some small sections of The Camino. The first part of that walk was the segment from Pamplona to Puente La Reina. On that section there was one steep climb—to the Alto de Perdón. As I approached the top I stopped, looked back; east towards Pamplona with the Pyrenees in the background. It was so stunningly beautiful in the morning sun, I stood stationary and wept.

By taking our time, we each experienced many wisdom lessons of The Camino. Again Joyce Rupp writes,

The Camino's beauty strengthened my soul. It restored my attentiveness and reminded me not to miss its

---

blessedness. Wherever I am, I never have to look far for this beauty. Always beauty awaits me. All it needs is my awareness and my embrace. Each of us needs to hold something beautiful in our heart.

On The Camino, I have prayed in a number of settings: in small mountain chapels, massive cathedrals and standing on the earthen rings of an ancient Celtic fortified hilltop. I prayed for those in need, of course, but I also prayed in gratitude for the grace that allowed me the great good fortune to be in that place at that time, wherever that place was. All of the trips have been full of beauty and warm encounters. However, for me it has been the “after-the-trip” contemplation that has shown me the wisdom of The Camino.

We have not completed our pilgrimage on The Camino. The high plains remain so the experiences will continue as do all our journeys.

To bless you on your pilgrimage, where ever that may be, I leave you with a few words from John O'Donohue. SJ

May your soul beautify  
The desire of your eyes  
That you might glimpse  
The infinity that hides  
In the simple sights  
That seem worn  
To your usual eyes.



Patty Smitherman is president of Communicata Language Services, LLC. She consults with companies and community organizations on how to build bridges to the Latino community. She has over thirty years experience in training and teaching in the fields of foreign languages, culture and music. In September 2012, Patty will be singing with the Georgia Symphony Orchestra Chamber Chorus at the American Music Festival in Spain.

---

# Silent Duet

ROBERT SMITH AND STEVI LISCHIN

*June 30, Hamilton, NY*

## **"Can we whisper?"**

The retreat place was described as a place of silent sanctuary, built with private funds and having no religious affiliation. Rich with books and art from all the world's religions, it could be a gold mine for understanding "deep culture" and solitude—personal and professional quests that we share.

And, it was an intriguing possibility for a place to stay, about halfway on the long drive to Toronto to visit our son, Ean.

Silence and solitude are wellsprings for the world's religions. This retreat house observes silence, except at meals. Guests need to stay for at least two nights "since it takes some time to quiet down and to discover the resources available."

As we near the silent haven we start to wonder, "How are we going to do this?" The two of us usually have a lot to say to each other. There's the old tape saying that when couples "don't talk" to each other, they must be angry.

Our rebellious minds dig up old authoritarian scripts featuring the "Silence Police." Like school kids, we laugh as we conjure ways to resist. A secret notepad?

High up in the hills by a low-slung wood and stone structure, almost hidden in the hollow of a wooded knoll, they wait for us—two graceful women, the caretakers and guides, greet us warmly. "Stevi, Robert, would you like some iced tea?" We enter a hushed atmosphere that invites a soft silence. Mala and Beeta, sisters from Sri Lanka, guide us to the spacious library of exquisite reading chairs, wooden card-catalog drawers, and the scent of ashes in the large stone fireplace. The art and music library displays golden Greek Orthodox icons, a splendid

---

Jewish *shofar*, graceful Arabic calligraphy, intricately textured Tibetan *tankas* and easy chairs for listening to the resonance of early Gregorian Chant and the timeless sounds of spiritual expression.

Bare feet are cooled by the smooth stone floor of the meditation space as it glows in the warm golden shades of amber glass and the afternoon sun. Deep within the chapel are several one-person inner-sanctums so removed from the outside world that any distraction will only come from within. Our simple adjoining sleeping quarters have weighty bookshelves, large reading lamps, and one of the thickly textured wing chairs found throughout.

Like the deep breath of some hidden presence, the huge sculpted Burmese gong announces mealtimes—the sound

Silence and solitude are wellsprings  
for the world's religions.

is felt but barely heard throughout this serenely quiet place. Fragrances of homey Sri Lankan cooking enliven the air. We learn that the retreat house has been home to our guides for many years. We are the only visitors this week.


Shortly, we are totally on our own, no schedule but mealtimes, no need for watches, no one asking for attention, no phones, no email. Empty space, full of possibility. The soft emptiness invites us to “enter the silence.”

With that rare feeling of having enough time to do everything, we soon find ourselves separately drifting from one thing to another, finding a quieter rhythm. No “hurry”, no words. The silence inside this structure slowly becomes quietness inside us. Like a delicate snowfall the stillness drifts gently down upon us. We glide into this serene spaciousness like two soaring birds with wings widespread, drifting into the



---

great quiet of mountain tops, glimpsing lush valleys far below as they bathe in mist and sunlight. In our silent duet, we ride the same air currents and circle each other slowly as we dance in the expanse of sky and space.

Two days have passed. We roll down car windows and click seat belts. We smile and say hello to each other again. We can talk now, and we do. The secret notepad, forgotten and unused, now feels silly and irrelevant. In the foggy warmth of reconnecting, we drive away. We pause for a few minutes, and then talk again. Our duet has a slower cadence and a deeper tone. And then we are quiet together again. 



Robert Smith, PhD and Stevi Lischin, PhD. are specialists in interfaith and intercultural relations. They are Directors of The Project for Intercultural Development and are consultants to educational, corporate and health care organizations as well as the international leadership program at Kyung Hee University in Seoul, Korea. They are Board Members of the Monmouth Center for World Religions and Ethical Thought where Stevi is Coordinator. Robert focuses his work on The Solitude Project. [www.Interfaith-mcwret.org](http://www.Interfaith-mcwret.org)

# I Rest Quietly

JENNA PEELER

I rest quietly;  
My head lies gently against the vast wave and  
    motion of your breast.  
I sense the rise and fall of your breath,  
    the rhythm of your presence.  
In the stillness of this moment  
    your heart beats with a love  
    that is heard in the whisper  
    and known in the resounding gong.

As I lift my head  
    You are still there;  
You have filled me with your light  
    both within and all around;  
I see your Presence  
    guiding each step,  
    each moment,  
As I walk forward  
    seeping of your love.

Thank you, God, Eternal Life.

Jenna Peeler was raised in North Carolina and currently resides in Pennsylvania. She is a practicing CPA who encourages others to grow closer to God through their personal finances. Jenna enjoys journaling and writing to inspire others. She appreciates spending time in the outdoors with her family; her husband, two sons and dog.

---

# In Your Name

TIMOTHY A. PITROF

Just as the sunflower turns and devoutly follows the sun,  
I hope I can be as steadfast,  
And knowing,  
And understanding of my own real importance in this world.

Yes, I have a name, and I have dreams.  
Every person has a name,  
First and middle and last,  
Each humbled and tried in the past,  
With maybe a shy sense of remaining pride,  
And hopefully, dignity.

And they move forward.

I call this humility;  
One of the greatest qualities a human being can possess,  
Or ever ask for.  
Alas, a beautiful name, a given effort,  
From the beginning until the end.

Along with the willingness to be decent, I would say,  
I hope for this the most.  
It should be a good dream,  
And I shall become important, enough.

To have a name,  
To be uplifted,

And to turn and follow the sun.

Timothy Pitrof lives and writes in Hales Corner, WI.





---

# Going Around in Circles

SHYALPA TENZIN

**When we are controlled** by our delusions and desires, we are trapped in the vicious circle of *samsara* and led by unwholesome habits. We are incessantly tormented by conflicting thoughts and turbulent emotions. We are constantly on the move, but we never reach our destination. It is like an endless race on a moving treadmill that only exhausts us.

Samsara is often perceived as disgusting, but this does not mean that our world is inherently impure. Lacking awareness of the nature of mind and reality, *samsara* manifests as impure and repulsive. We are not integrated with our experience in a healthy way.

In spite of anxiety and unrest, we prefer to think that everything is just fine. Why not gorge on delicious food? Why not sport the finest clothes? Why not engage

in as much sex as we can? Why not live in a hedonistic way? However, we cannot enjoy anything fully this way, and the more we indulge, the more we want. There seems to be no escape from this unsatisfying cycle, this paradox of pleasure seeking. If *samsara* were not self-perpetuating, we could jump in now and then. But *samsara* is entanglement, and once we are in, it could be very difficult to get out.

How do we escape from this wearisome realm? How can we live without negative consequences? How can we enjoy life freely, without addiction to pleasure and attachment to the ephemeral? It is up to us to use our intelligence and liberate ourselves from the confinement and suffering of *samsara*. No one can do it for us. As the Buddha said, "Be a lamp and a refuge for yourself."

---

No matter how strong or powerful we appear on the surface, there is vulnerability in all of us. Be sensitive to this vulnerability, and you will feel more empathy for everyone. Seeing the vulnerability and the beauty in the eyes of others will give birth to a sympathetic heart and loosen the bonds of self-grasping. Your compassion will douse the flames of anger and hostility in others. Communication will be

friendly and warm, leaving everyone feeling satisfied. You will weaken the grip of samsaric delusion. This is karma—good karma.

With the dawn of awakening, the pain and weariness of samsara will cease. We will enjoy perfect freedom and contentment, inseparable from every moment. Each moment will be totally complete. This is the beauty of awakening.



His Eminence Shyalpa Tenzin Rinpoche is the spiritual guide of Shyalpa Monastery in Katmandu, the founder of the Tibetan Refugee Children's Fund and the head of Ranging Yeshe. He has lectured at Harvard, Yale, Wesleyan and the Naropa Institute. "Buddhafield," in Millerton, NY is the future site of the Center for Enlightenment and Rinpoche's seat in the US. Excerpted from his new book *Living Fully: Finding Joy in Every Breath* © 2012 New World Library [www.newworldlibrary.com](http://www.newworldlibrary.com)

# Take Time to Delight in God's Creation

AMY LYNN

*For those of us who serve the Lord, it is important to take time out to rest and replenish. One of the ways we are rejuvenated is by spending time in the midst of God's beautiful creation.*

**Relaxing by the pool one afternoon**, I was reminded of the many delights found in nature. Lying on my back upon a lawn chair in my bathing suit, I felt something tickling my stomach. Opening my eyes and looking down, I saw a small bumblebee. It was strolling across my stomach, dragging its wings and stinger across my skin. I was a bit fearful. I wanted to jump up or at least shoo it away. Instead I decided to take a deep breath, relax and accept its presence. I thought if I remained calm and still, it would not hurt me. I continued to restructure my thoughts as fear pushed to reenter my mind. I watched the bumblebee drag his stinger across my skin in a crisscross pattern. Normally I would be frightened of being stung but instead watched with curiosity. My anxiety slowly began to turn to delight. When it finished zigzagging around it flew away. I realized after it left that the time I took to restructure my thoughts allowed me to be at ease with the bumblebee.

With that experience, I was reminded that I am part of God's amazing universe. Sometimes I forget how much joy can be found in the simple things of life, like a bumblebee in nature.

I have not always taken the time to enjoy nature as I did that day. Learning to appreciate God's great universe and its many treasures has been a process of exploration and discovery, not only of the world, but also of myself. As a spiritual practice, try these four steps to connect and recharge. To be silent and retreat.

**Become Aware**—Many of us are caught in our own world. Our eyes are blunted by the subtle illusions of

---

narcissism. We can change our focus and perceptions by taking time to become more aware—awareness dissolves the clouded walls around us—and begin experiencing the energy and beauty of God’s universe. We discover there is much more to life than our own journey. Awareness brings joy.

**Pay attention to the Simple and Small**—To increase your connectedness to God and everything around us is to focus your attention on the simple things in life. Delight in nature’s tiny treasures, they brighten the journey. God takes perfect care of the smallest creatures.

**Pray and Meditate**—One of the best ways to achieve stillness is to meditate. It is said that prayer is talking to God and meditating is listening to God. Many suggestions and formats exist for prayerful meditation, but fundamentally, it is purely a deep and utter state of relaxation and peace. You can learn to meditate by sitting in a quiet place, indoors or outdoors. The main idea is that you will not be disturbed by anyone or anything. Just sit for a while. Open your mind, body, and spirit to God. Over time this will prepare you to live your life in peace and harmony.

**Appreciate**—Gratitude is the light that can dispel fear and darkness. When we take time to appreciate life, our worries may become less significant. Just as I found appreciation in my encounter with the bumblebee, my attitude changed—my fear subsided and I found delight.

Increasing our connection to God is an amazing personal politic that can change lives. Delighting in nature is one of the miraculous results we can discover as we increase our awareness of the world around us. I am thankful to be reminded of this periodically. God's love is indeed abundant and full of grace.



---

So try it! Connect with God's universe. Bask in God's love. Delight in nature. Practice becoming aware of the many gifts surrounding you. Learn to pay attention to the simple and small. Take time to meditate and listen for God's voice. Remember to look for the good in your everyday life. We are created to experience joy. We are meant to know love. It is what the journey is all about. SJ



Amy Lynn is the author of numerous books on the subject of personal discovery and spiritual growth including her most recent title, *Sacred Peace: A Journey to Inner Freedom*.

---

# A Ridiculous Frivolity

JULIE TODD

As I sit and ponder the notion of spirituality and service, I am in the middle of a southern Colorado desert, mostly alone, for weeks. I stare at a decreasingly golden, increasingly dark blue evening sky that frames the distant San Juan Mountains. I sit curled on a bench in my hermitage, gazing at a waxing crescent moon and its immaculate relationship to the sparkling Venus on the western horizon.

I think of my life in Denver as an activist and student, a teacher of religion and social change. Always a cause. Always an issue. Always in the struggle. Always serving an organization on the margins of survival, whose people are on the margins of survival. I am a radical. I strive to live a life of radical service.

So what ridiculous frivolity is this? Sitting out here in the middle of the desert staring at the night sky? When there is work to be done? While people are suffering? What am I doing out here?

I sit here seven years past serving ten years in pastoral ministry. I left local church work after burning myself down to the ground time and again. I have always identified a call to prophetic ministry. As a pastor I was also a community activist. I lived my life committed to serving others in my church and community every day. The work never ended. I tended to the words of the founder of my denomination, John Wesley, who said:

Fix some part of every day for private exercises. You may acquire the taste for what you have not: What is tedious at first will afterwards be pleasant. Whether you like it or not, read and pray daily. It is for your life. There is no other way, else you will be a trifler all your days, and a

---

petty, superficial preacher. Do justice to your own soul; give it time and means to grow. Do not starve yourself any longer.

I was no trifter. Not in work and not in prayer. I practiced daily prayerful exercises. I would have told you I felt close to God, and I believe that I was. At the very least I am sure that God was close to me. A practice of daily prayer allowed for the possibility. But I was starved. I was over-committed and exhausted. The prayer life to which I was committed was not enough to balance the life of service I led. I did not do justice to my own soul. I hadn't really listened to it in years. I sought out periods of extended quiet like a drowning woman coming up for gasps of air; floundering, close to going under, but alive. I

If one does not tend to the soul  
with the utmost expansive of  
practices and time,  
one will starve.

had very little sense of myself, except that I was very, very tired. Short periods of time away allowed for the minimum of required bodily rest. It was better than nothing. I hardly knew any pastors who took significant time off. What would our communities do without us? By God, I was serving the people.

The first time I took a week-long silent retreat, God took the one chance I really gave God to intervene. In the most loving way imaginable, God cracked me into a hundred pieces. I couldn't do it any longer. My life of service was no longer sustainable. Since then, God has shown me how to piece my prophetic call and life of service back together again.

*It is a ridiculous frivolity to be sitting out here in the desert. I recognize that it is a privilege born of much privilege. But it is a*

---

frivolity that my soul requires, that I cannot *not* afford. I want to be an activist. It is in my blood. I want to live my life as a radical, in radical service to others. I believe it is the most meaningful form of living, and the one that Jesus requires of me. And if I want to be a radical, then the most radical, counter-cultural act is to come out here in the middle of nowhere and tend to my own soul. For a long time, radical only meant to me to be out in the world and intensely active to counter the evil and oppression of systems. The intention of these systems is to stifle and destroy the humanity and divinity of individuals and community. Resistance to these systems takes work and sacrifice.

The word radical relates to the word *root*, something at the base, which is fundamental and essential to the character of something. I buy into the system that destroys life when I allow it to rob me of my own fundamental, essential humanness and divinity. I allow this when, in my incessant activity to change the world and confront destructive systems, I make no room for the fundamentals of being human and resting in God. I virtually reflect the economic and political systems I claim to oppose by replicating its life-and-spirit-denying character: work-produce-accomplish, work-produce-accomplish. A radically spiritual time and space actually cultivates that which hopefully becomes truly socially radical—the spirit of creativity, resistance, confrontation, innovation, subversion, transformation.

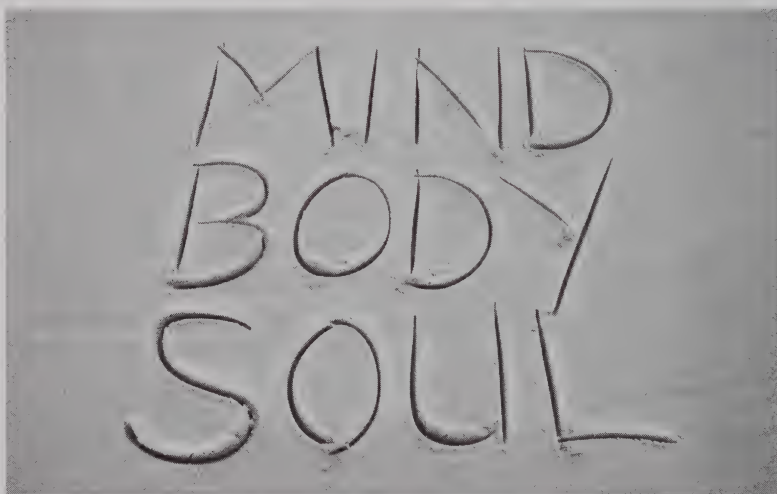
The suffering of this world, both human and non-human, is critical at this stage of our history. If one does not tend to the soul with the utmost expansive of practices and time, one will starve to emotional, spiritual and physical death. This may sound like hyperbole, but someone who is reading this knows what I mean. Surviving and thriving in these times also requires investment in cultivating and building community with others so radically committed, both spiritually and socially. Solitude and contemplation, in daily life and on retreat, impacts family and friendship relationships, community, work and income. These are all questions of the spiritual life. We must build communities



---

that will sustain alternative family and support systems making these periods and practices possible. Affirming radical, bold community, where individual and collective work go hand-in-hand, is also radically political and counter-cultural. I will not be that person who starves myself spiritually, all alone while venturing to serve. A daily practice is critical—as John Wesley pointed out—for life. But I have discovered that it is not actually enough for a life of radical, sacrificial service. With the same amount of seriousness of devotion, emotion and time I take to serve, I have to tend my soul.

© istockphoto.com/PeskyMonkey



I have needed regular retreat for so many reasons. When I listen more to God, I listen better to humans and non-humans. I am more present. The expansiveness of the natural world where I have been attracted to retreat has expanded my interior space. I have a greater capacity for feeling my own pain, my own sadness, my own joy. Therefore, I have the growing capacity for spaciousness with others—the spaciousness in which to laugh, the spaciousness in which to sit, the spaciousness in which to share suffering. I have the ability to wait. I need this sky, this moon, these mountains, this planet. These mountains have

---

taught me to think long-term. The moon and stars and land keep my human perspective and my own sense of importance in check.

God takes these longer periods of time in the magnificence of this creation to check in about exactly who I think God is. A life of service is so fraught with the seduction of a savior complex, it's not even funny. In the past I have been dying on the inside while attempting to save the world on the outside. Slowly, I am dying to the ego-serving self of service. So many of us Christians are tempted to an overly grand servant role, especially those of us who are professionals. When I serve my spiritual self, I put myself more clearly in the service of God and more genuinely in the service of others. In periods away, I realized that many of my motivations to serve were addictions to my unhealthy need to be liked, respected, affirmed and valued for my actions: work-produce-accomplish, work-produce-accomplish. I often felt resentful of and superior to those who were not working as hard as I did. I would have denied it then, but I occasionally enjoyed being a martyr for the cause, the suffering servant. No one worked as hard as I did. No one cared for others as much as I did. No one was as committed as I was. Though they still rear their ugly heads now and again, I am glad to turn my back on those unwanted behaviors which were close companions.

Now I genuinely ask for God to guide me into avenues of serving and doing justice that are truly callings and not seeking for approval or recognition. My service is less and less about me, my need to be needed, my excellence as a caregiver or how down I am with the struggle. It is important to realize that I am not critical to the survival of "the movement," my church or the universe. Truly, this is a relief. While I seek the spirit, the world continues to turn without me and I am more present to serve when I return. These spaces and times have taught me to know and to laugh at my own sense of self-importance. I have learned, thank God to lighten up. I have even learned that a serious,

---

hard-working, non-trifling life of service might include, of all things, serious trifling.

It used to feel to me like the life of service and the spiritual life were discontinuous. Going on retreat was being “away” from “life.” Retreat recharged me for living and for service. This is still true in many ways. Yet strangely and hope-fully to me, longer periods of quiet and solitude have begun to feel less discontinuous with the “rest of life.” It has enlivened my daily prayer. Daily prayer has become more a place of sustenance. My regular private exercises become more thoroughly infused with the expansiveness and spaciousness of longer periods of solitude. They provide me with more access to the time and means to grow. I no longer spiritually starve. The life of service and the life of spirit are starting to come together for me in unimagined ways. This feels deeply radical. It has led me to a place of anticipation in my life in which I cannot even imagine the paths of radical spirit and service on which God may ask me to walk.



Julie Todd is an ordained elder in the New England Conference of the United Methodist Church. She is Affiliate Faculty for Justice and Peace Studies at the Iliff School of Theology in Denver, Colorado. This article first appeared in *Desert Call: Contemplative Christianity and Vital Culture* ©2012 and used with permission.  
[www.spirituallifeinstitute.org](http://www.spirituallifeinstitute.org)

# Time to be Quiet

STEVE GOODIER

**Popular author and speaker Ken Blanchard** sometimes tells a powerful story about Red, a corporate president who, as a young man, learned an important and life-changing lesson. Red had just graduated from college and was offered an opportunity to interview for a position with a firm in New York City. As the job involved moving his wife and small child from Texas to New York, he wanted to talk the decision over with someone before accepting it, but his father had died and Red did not feel he had anybody to turn to. On impulse, he telephoned an old friend of the family; someone his father had suggested he turn to if he ever needed good advice.

The friend said he would be happy to give Red advice about the job offer under the condition that the young man would take whatever advice he was given. "You might want to think about that for a couple of days before hearing my suggestion," he was told.

Two days later Red called the man back and said he was ready to listen to his counsel. "Go on to New York City and have the interview," the older man said. "But I want you to go up there in a very special way. I want you to go on a train and I want you to get a private compartment. Don't take anything to write with, anything to listen to or anything to read, and don't talk to anybody except to put in your order for dinner with the porter. When you get to New York call me and I will tell you what to do next."

Red followed the advice precisely. The trip took two days. As he had brought along nothing to do and kept entirely to himself, he quickly became bored. It soon dawned on him what was happening. He was being forced into quiet time. He could do nothing but think and meditate.



---

About three hours outside New York City he broke the rules and asked for a pencil and paper. Until the train stopped, he wrote—the culmination of all his meditation.

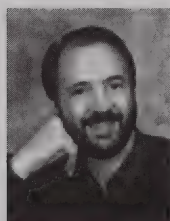
Red called the family friend from the train station. "I know what you wanted," he said. "You wanted me to think. And now I know what to do. I don't need anymore help."

"I didn't think you would, Red," came the reply. "Good luck."

Sorry, I don't know if he took the job or not. But Blanchard reports that, years later, Red headed a corporation in California. And he always made it a policy to take a couple of days to be alone. He went where there was no phone, no television, no distractions and no people. He went to be alone; to meditate and to listen.

The French writer and Nobel Prize winner André Gide reminds us to "be faithful to that which exists within yourself." But how can we be faithful when we don't really know what is inside?

The answer for me is to be quiet. To still my mind . . . and to listen. I'll soon know what to do.



Steve Goodier holds a BA in anthropology and sociology from New Mexico State University and a M.Div. from Emory University. He is an ordained United Methodist minister and the author of numerous books and the widely read e-zine, *Your Life Support System*, promoting personal development, motivations and inspiration. Together with his wife, he leads workshops on relational, spiritual and inter-personal growth topics. They currently make their home in Salt Lake City.

---

# Not Dwelling Anywhere

FLORENCE CAPLOW

*Subhuti, this son of good family, who is the foremost of those who dwell in peace, does not dwell anywhere; that is why he is called 'A dweller in peace, a dweller in peace'*  
~The Diamond Sutra.

**A few years ago**, I handed the keys to the front door of my house to the new owners. Since that time I've lived without a home. When people ask me, "Where do you live?" I say, depending on my mood, "Nowhere," or "Here," or "I'm nomadic." I can't really say that I'm homeless. I have savings. I have a nice red car. A pilgrim may be homeless, but it's voluntary homelessness, which is very different than the kind that comes to people against their will. But still, it's an unusual way to live.

The early Buddhist monks and nuns lived without homes. Once a year they would gather in a grove somewhere for the annual three-month-rains retreat. The rest of the time they wandered alone or in small

groups, always dependent on villagers for alms. The Buddha taught that the primary source of suffering is holding on. It is as natural as breathing that when we have a home, even a home as simple as a hut in the woods, we begin to hold on to it, so I think I know at least part of the reason why he told his monks and nuns to keep wandering.

It can be so satisfying to give ourselves to the places we live. Most of the American writers that I really respect write a lot about the importance of staying in one place, as an antidote to the immemorial American tendency to drift from one gold rush to another. They argue that until you stay in one place for a good long time, you can never really

---

know and care for the land and community, and we desperately need to do both. And I say amen to that. I loved my house, and the garden that surrounded it. There was a hundred-year-old apple tree in the backyard that produced inedible, bitter apples, but I pruned it every winter and loved it anyway, especially for its young girl's mantle of pink-white blossoms in the spring.

Ideally, perhaps, one would have a home and not hold on to it, but there's something deeply human about the way we do hold on. We take care of an old apple tree knowing and not knowing that next winter's storm may bring it down. People build in the Oakland hills knowing and not knowing that one day a fire is likely to sweep through again and take away all they've created. We make these places to keep ourselves and our family contained and safe, even though, on another level, we know there is no absolute safety. The

creation and care of a home is an ancient and sacred act, as beautiful and as natural as a wren finding a sweet little hole in a cottonwood tree, and like the wren's nest, naturally one day it will be gone.

I think it's also natural to have a certain fear of living without a home. It seems uncertain, edgy, vulnerable. Home is far more than a physical house. We orient to home. We rest there. Once, many years ago, I heard my teacher describe our ordinary lives as building a home out in the middle of vast space. We are actually always out in that space, but we feel safer with those walls, even if we've only imagined them into existence. My decision to have no nest and no walls was deliberate, but I wasn't trying to make my life harder. I had a hunch that it might be a relief to let go of the responsibilities for a while, and to just trust that space.

On another level, my decision to sell my house was quite practical. I

---

wanted to spend a year on pilgrimage, and I couldn't afford to keep my house if I wasn't working. If you have a job, you generally need to live somewhere. If you have a place to live, you generally need a job to support it. By selling my house, my expenses dropped dramatically. As it turned out, I was able to live on a tiny fraction of my savings. Not dwelling anywhere turns

the outermost level, it has shown me the pleasures of living with less. When the closest thing to home is a small station wagon, there is no point to accumulating anything. In fact, there has been a gradual shedding process over this time. Every potential new object must be carefully evaluated for its necessity, and usually it's not necessary. My consumption of resources is

The more one  
trusts and responds,  
the more life shows you the way.

out to be a lovely form of voluntary simplicity.

I must have been very ready for this, because I have never regretted my decision. On the contrary, I've found it exhilarating and beautiful, like the flight of the swallows swooping outside the window as I write this.

Not dwelling anywhere has not only made it possible for me to be a pilgrim; it's been a teaching itself. On

lower than it's ever been in my life—probably my biggest consumption is the soybean oil to run my bio-diesel car. If we all lived this way, or even a little bit more this way, the world could be a much happier and healthier place, and human beings would spend far less time taking care of and defending their possessions. I think of truly Nomadic peoples, and the grace of having just what is



---

needed, and no more.

At the next level, I see that this way of living makes it possible for me to respond to situations and people very directly and immediately. If I'm needed somewhere, I can go there. When my mother suddenly needed hip surgery, I could go stay with her as she recovered. Sometimes I think of it like crossing a rocky slope in the mountains: every step requires a different balance, and after a while the leaping from boulder to boulder becomes a kind of dance, responding moment after moment to what is needed.

More subtly, by not dwelling anywhere I am learning how to feel the currents of my life. I have been interested for many years in learning to listen to the subtle voice of the Tao. I think most of us know the feeling of being in alignment with one's life: everything flows easily and gracefully, and it feels like there's a wind at your back. Conversely, sometimes everything is hard and jagged, and it's like

trying to swim upstream. I don't pretend to understand the workings of the Tao, but I trust that river. In ordinary, settled life, it can be difficult to feel and respond to those cues. Settled life is like a big aircraft carrier; it takes a long time to turn that baby around. Living as I do is more like being a swimmer; I'm in the water, and in a moment I can be responding to the changes in the current. The real beauty of this is that the more one trusts and responds, the more life shows you the way.

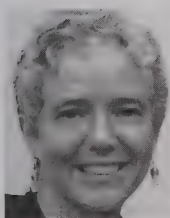
At the deepest and subtlest level, not dwelling anywhere has shown me just how home I am, all the time. When there's no outer home, there is an opportunity to find the home in your bones. If the more obvious part of living without a home is a dance and a response to the currents, beneath that movement there is stillness, like the stillness beneath the waves. Every time I sit in meditation, wherever I may be, I touch that deep place, our fundamental home and

---

birthright. It's a kind of keel that keeps me steady, even as I go here and there, sleeping on couches or on the ground, meeting this or that new situation. Discovering this basic steadiness is a great gift and happiness. This home, unlike the wren's nest, is fundamentally indestructible, because it isn't a place or a thing. I may lose sight of it now and again, but it's always there, whether I

remember it or not. We are children of the universe, through and through, always home.

I'm sure I will love houses and places again, but perhaps with a little more lightness, a little more knowledge of what is truly reliable in this changing world. Like Shiva's dance of creation and destruction: I know now, in my bones, that the only thing to trust is the dance itself. SJ



Zenshin Florence Caplow is a Soto Zen priest, writer, and itinerant field botanist. She co-edited *Wildbranch: An Anthology of Nature, Environmental, and Place-Based Writing* and is currently working on her second book, *Record of the Hidden Lamp: Koans and Teaching Stories from Twenty-Five Centuries of Awakened Women*.

# Time Out

JANE RUSSELL

Blue-black dragonflies  
cling to grass, mini-flags  
in afternoon breeze.  
It's easy to relax and *be*  
in beauty spot on cusp of summer,  
lake lazily slapping shore  
as birds spill bursts of song.  
Easy to rest on lap of earth  
as of a mother who loves me.

Why is life more often harried?  
No doubt "making a living" pulls me  
taut. If just the fittest survive,  
I must keep striving;  
when life grades every effort  
I often fall short. Retreat buys me  
a respite of grace, a break  
from judgment—sacrament of Love,  
warm welcoming place.

Sister Jane Russell, OSF, a School Sister of St. Francis, is Associate Professor of Theology at Belmont Abby College in North Carolina. She writes poetry to capture life's memorable moments. Her poetry has appeared in various journals including the college's literary magazines, *Agora* and *Crossroads*. Her writing has also appeared in *St. Anthony Messenger*, *America* and *National Catholic Reporter*.

---

# I Find Myself

ALISON LEAVENS

I find all I am missing  
when I find my way  
to the mountains  
I find myself  
Intact

I find my body  
resilient as a Jeffrey Pine  
growing defiantly  
atop a solid granite face

I find my mind  
clear as an alpine lake  
still  
but for the ripples of inspiration

I find my heart  
impassioned by reverence  
in love, no more with another  
than with this land

I find my spirit soaring  
above lupine laced meadows  
and crests that reach skyward  
like hands lifted in exaltation  
to the Gods that created them

When I find myself  
in the mountains  
I find all I've ever wished to be  
I am already.

Alison Leavens is a freelance writer and jewelry artist living in the San Francisco Bay area. Born and raised in Alaska, she developed a deep reverence for nature.

---

# Light

MARA PTACEK

In the beginning  
clear light of day enters

Choose. Become a prism, radiate  
the full spectrum

Experience what it means

Nearer the end  
light of a full moon waning

The prism, worn down now, and cloudy  
refracts the light

Contemplative life begins

Mara Ptacek is a poet and artist who enjoys nature. It is often her inspiration for her poetry and her life. She spends time running and walking through the wooded pathways along the Root River Trail in Southwest Minnesota. She is a member of Threaded Metaphors.





---

# Getting There: Escaping the Everyday

MICHAEL ATTAS AND ERIC EISENKRAMER

*Fishing is not an escape from life, but often a deeper immersion into it.*

*~ Harry Middleton 1949-1993, American nature writer*

## REVEREND MIKE: FISHING INTO THE MYSTERY

I pull out of the driveway in Colorado and catch a gravel road that bends to the southwest. Immediately to my left is Mount Sopris—the holy mountain of the Ute Indians who wintered in this valley. Invariably, it takes my breath away. The hues of verdant green, yellow, orange and purple sage change with the seasons. Sopris itself towers above the valley floor like a crown jewel. It has a softness and quiet strength about it that brings me to some deep, still place as I begin the journey to the Frying Pan River. At dawn it always feels as if God shines a beacon of holy light on the peak, striking it before the rest of the valley lights up with the birth of a new day.

There is something to be said about the familiarity of place. Both the inner landscape of our spiritual lives and the rivers we fish often come to symbolize our comfort zones. They are like wrapping up in a familiar, soft, warm blanket, with smells coming from the kitchen of fresh-brewed coffee and your favorite breakfast casserole cooling on the table.

When fishing home waters, it is reassuring to see familiar rocks, riffles and pools. I know them as well as I know my own strengths and weaknesses. I know the way light moves through the canyon in different seasons and the way storm clouds can blow through without warning and change the waters in a heartbeat. I know the way water levels fluctuate and how this affects the fish and insect life cycles. Knowing these things helps to ground me, keeping me rooted in my inner self. When the

---

magic happens, I know how to simply get out of the way and immerse myself in the moment. My brain can go on autopilot and the mystery of the water takes me away.

As I pull into the familiar parking lot outside of the shop, I begin to feel truly alive and at home. I have fished in many waters and stopped at many fly shops, but the men who have worked here are as genuine and as kind to anglers as anyone could ever hope to meet. Their knowledge and love of the water is contagious and there is nothing they like more than sharing stories or current stream information. Sure, I could head up and get started on my own. But the ritual of conversation with trusted friends is part of the journey.

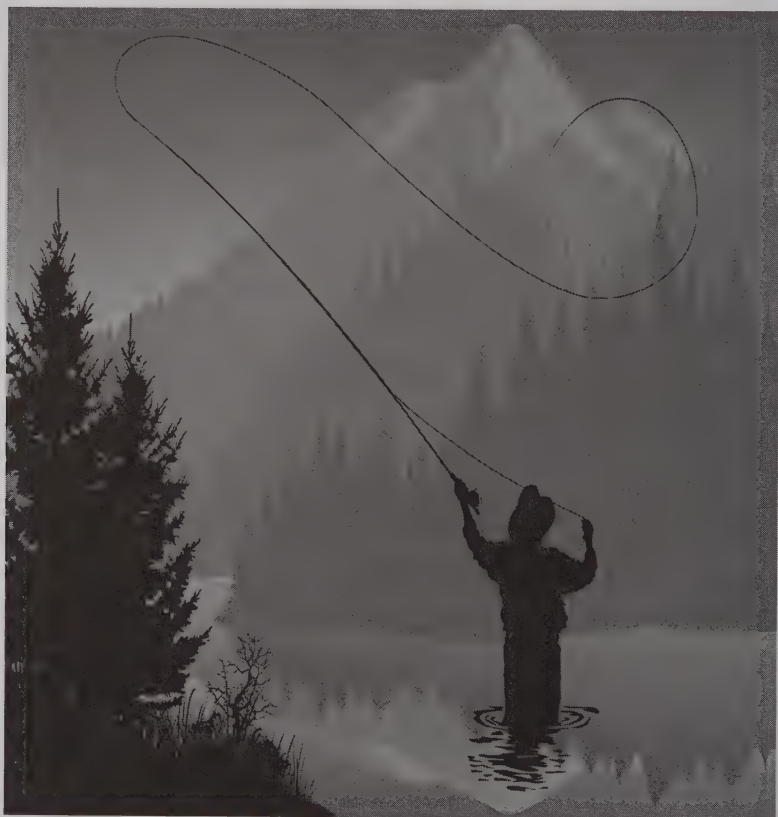
One of the things that I always enjoy about stopping at Taylor Creek Fly Shop is talking to the guys about new or interesting flies that are “hot.” Between the flies I tie on my own and the more technical and difficult ones, I normally have a fairly good selection to get me through most days. But I’m always amazed to see the nuances to standard flies that people can come up with. It is a testament to human creativity to see how the human mind can step outside of its “boxes” to solve old problems in new and diverse ways.

In my mind’s eye I see the fish watching these new patterns and saying to themselves, “That looks like something I might like today!” The fish in the Frying Pan River get heavy fishing pressure, and anglers tend to get locked into the same way of thinking about choosing a fly that they have heard about. Often a fish will get excited about a familiar pattern that has the tiniest bit of unusual difference.

Perhaps I am anthropomorphizing, but fish often behave just like we do. We like our lives packaged, comfortable and familiar. Yet the Bible is full of stories of heroes called out of their comfort zone to take a journey. Giants of faith may argue, complain, whine and groan, but finally they say, “Here I am Lord, send me.” They are willing to risk everything in order to seek and follow.

---

Fishing is much like life in that regard. We can stay in our comfort zone, choosing flies we know and ways of thinking that we are comfortable with. But when we have the courage to open ourselves up to “newness,” we are often rewarded with days where time is suspended and life is rediscovered.



© istockphoto.com/LUGO

#### **RABBI ERIC: STREAM AND SPIRIT**

By the time I pull up to the front gate of Connetquot State Park, the only things on my mind are how soon I can be on the river and if the large trout will be rising.

At the Connetquot River, it is a two-step process. First you sign in at the shack, which only gets you a place in line; then

---

you must return at 4:30 p.m. sharp, wait for your name to be called and select the beat you would like on the stream. You had better be on time because by 4:45 the spots are divvied up and by 5:00 the shack is empty. Only in New York does it take this much effort to go fishing.

Today I am third on the list to select a beat. It's a little disappointing because I always like to be first in line for the important things in life, like fishing and jazz. . . . I'm not sure if third in line will be good enough to get one of the coveted middle beats, but we'll have to see.

I drive past the shack and park the car in the small gravel lot. It is a little after 1:00 p.m. and I have a few hours to wait. I leave my green duffle in the car so I can hike unencumbered into the park. As I walk away from the car, I pass by a small wooden post with a sign on it that tells me I am standing on the old Native American road, exactly fifty miles from New York City. It might as well have been five hundred miles, as pavement has given way to dirt, tall buildings to large trees.

A few more steps and I stand before a large, old, three-story house with dark, wooden shingles and green painted window trim that overlooks an oval lake. Built in 1820 as Snedecor's Tavern, this was the clubhouse of the South Side Sportsmen's Club of Long Island for over one hundred years, before being bought by New York State. I am fishing the same stream where anglers have cast a fly for close to two centuries and where Native Americans fished before that.

There is a dilapidated wooden bench in front of the clubhouse facing the lake that has probably been there for a few decades. The hard wood is not very comfortable, but I sit down anyway. I see the lake stretching before me, a quarter mile wide and half mile long. The river feeds the lake from the north and a dam sits at the southern edge. Downstream of the dam, the tidal river flows on to the Atlantic Ocean.

A half dozen Canada geese float near the opposite shore, along with a pair of large, white swans with graceful, arched



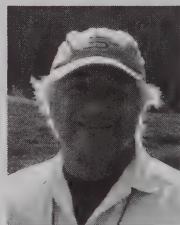
---

necks. Today the sun is shining brightly in the blue sky. The water is calm and cool. As I sit on my wooden perch, I survey the lake and listen to the sound of the wind. I feel my shoulders drop, the tension that resides there six days a week beginning to ease. I stop moving and thinking and just live, breathing and existing, at one with all that surrounds me. Sitting on the bench in front of the lake, it feels like the Sabbath.

Twentieth-century Jewish philosopher Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel calls the Sabbath "a place in time." Six days a week we seek to create in the realm of space, wrestling with the world and seeking profit from the earth. On the Sabbath we let go of the everyday in order to focus on existence and eternity. We pray, we study, we spend time with loved ones, we eat, we live and we rest. The place of the Sabbath is like a fortress, a welcome day of respite from the challenges of existence.

On Friday night and Saturday I celebrate Shabbat, the Jewish Sabbath, praying and studying with my congregation. But in the spring and summer, Monday is my fly-fishing Sabbath, when I take time to stretch out on a wooden bench in front of the lake and I watch the swans, feel the breeze and know that I, too, am part of the eternal cycle of the earth.

Rev. Michael Attas, MD, a practicing cardiologist and professor of medical humanities at Baylor University is also an assisting priest at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Michael is a columnist for the *Waco Tribune Herald*. During the summer months he volunteers as a fly-fishing guide in Colorado. He has been an avid angler for over forty years.



Rabbi Eric Eisenkramer is the spiritual leader of Temple Shearith Israel in Ridgefield, CT. He is creator of *The Fly-Fishing Rabbi: A Blog about Trout, God and Religion* and is a contributor to *Trout* magazine. Eric fishes in the cold-water streams of New York, Connecticut and the Northeast.

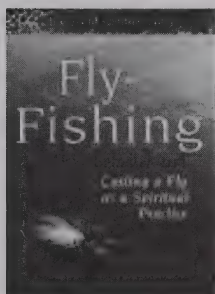
# Fly-Fishing

## — *the sacred art*

### Casting a Fly as a Spiritual Practice

BY RABBI ERIC EISENKRAMER & REVEREND MICHAEL ATTAS, MD

© 2012 SKYLIGHT PATHS [www.skylightpaths.com](http://www.skylightpaths.com)



**Fly-Fishing can teach people** about reflection, awe and the benefits of solitude! It is a method to help people express their inner yearnings and their search for self. How can time spent on the stream help people navigate the currents and eddies of their own inner journey in the search for the Divine?

Explore the potential for beauty, renewal, transformation and growth inherent in every trip to the stream as long-time anglers, Rabbi Eric Eisenkramer and Rev. Michael Attas, MD take you below the surface of fly-fishing to reveal connections between taking the time to cast a fly and enrich the human spirit.

In the preface, Lori Simon, Executive Director of Casting for Recovery, a breast cancer support group that uses fly-fishing retreats as a method to heal sufferers, emotionally and physically, describes the importance of these excursions and praises Rabbi Eric and Rev. Michael for their deep spiritual insights and philosophies.

Allow yourself time to bask in their beautiful and poetical experiences and learn their techniques. This book will be enjoyed by people of all faiths, all genders and all levels of fly-fishing experience—or none.

The authors take you below the surface of fly-fishing with reflection questions and exercises at the end of each chapter to reveal the connections between casting a fly and enriching the human spirit.

# Being vs. Doing

SUSAN CORSO

I recently saw a client in my office. She, like so many of us, spent quite a bit of time explaining to me that she works full time, has a family, friends, three ongoing lawsuits and all the other usual goings-on of a busy life. She said she did not have time for spiritual work.

I listened and then countered with, "How can you not have time for spiritual work with all that is going on?!"

There are two major kinds of time in life. They are *kairos*, or holy time and *chronos*, or clock time.

Chronos runs our lives. It's what allows us to be on time, in time, timely. I start work at 8:30 a.m., then I have a meeting at 11 a.m. My daughter's soccer practice is five days a week at 4 p.m.—drum lessons are on Tuesdays at 5 p.m. and karate, every Saturday morning. Despite the fact that it is a strictly human construct—real time isn't linear—we need chronos in order to make and fulfill our agreements.

Kairos is holy time, eternal time, the present moment and only the present moment. Now.

It does well for our health when we make a commitment to touch into holy time over and over again during each daily round of activity. Co-existent with chronos is kairos.

Clock time is about doing. Holy time is about *Being*.

---

Dr. Susan Corso is the Spiritual Alignment Counselor and head of the Spiritual Department at Visions HealthCare in Wellesley, MA. She has been a spiritual director for over thirty years. [www.susancorso.com](http://www.susancorso.com)

# Become A Subscriber Today

## SACRED JOURNEY

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

☐ 1 year \$20 (\$26 Int'l)

☐ Payment Enclosed

☐ 2 year \$36 (\$48 Int'l)

☐ Please Bill my Credit Card

VISA/MC \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Credit Card Number

Exp. Date

Signature

Name

Address

City/State/Zip+4

Daytime Phone

Email

SEND COMPLETED FORM AND PAYMENT TO:

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC., 291 WITHERSPOON STREET, PRINCETON, NJ 08542-3227

YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW ONLINE AT [WWW.FELLOWSHIPINPRAYER.ORG](http://WWW.FELLOWSHIPINPRAYER.ORG).

# Renew Today

## SACRED JOURNEY

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

☐ 1 year \$20 (\$26 Int'l)

☐ Payment Enclosed

☐ 2 year \$36 (\$48 Int'l)

☐ Please Bill my Credit Card

VISA/MC \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Credit Card Number

Exp. Date

Signature

Name

Address

City/State/Zip+4

Daytime Phone

Email

SEND COMPLETED FORM AND PAYMENT TO:

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC., 291 WITHERSPOON STREET, PRINCETON, NJ 08542-3227

YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW ONLINE AT [WWW.FELLOWSHIPINPRAYER.ORG](http://WWW.FELLOWSHIPINPRAYER.ORG).



Send the Gift of

# SACRED JOURNEY

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

☐ 1 year \$20 (\$26 Int'l)

☐ 2 year \$36 (\$48 Int'l)

☐ Payment Enclosed

☐ Please Bill my Credit Card

VISA/MC \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
Credit Card Number

\_\_\_\_\_  
Exp. Date

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature

## Gift From:

\_\_\_\_\_  
Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address

\_\_\_\_\_  
City / State / Zip+4

\_\_\_\_\_  
Daytime Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
Email

## Gift To (1):

\_\_\_\_\_  
Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address

\_\_\_\_\_  
City / State / Zip+4

\_\_\_\_\_  
Daytime Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
Email

## Gift To (2):

\_\_\_\_\_  
Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address

\_\_\_\_\_  
City / State / Zip+4

\_\_\_\_\_  
Daytime Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
Email

SEND COMPLETED FORM AND PAYMENT TO:

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC., 291 WITHERSPOON STREET, PRINCETON, NJ 08542-3227

YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW ONLINE AT [WWW.FELLOWSHIPINPRAYER.ORG](http://WWW.FELLOWSHIPINPRAYER.ORG).





# SACRED JOURNEY

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.  
291 Witherspoon Street  
Princeton, NJ 08542-3227

Change Service Requested

Nonprofit org.  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Hanover, PA 17331  
Permit no. 4

ISSN 1096-5939